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THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR 30th anniversary

bloody quiz, or drool over this month's centrefold. Don't try to do both at once.

110–150 You were born too early. Three months in the womb is just not enough to develop the cells necessary for intelligent thought. It's probably too late to do anything about it now, but do try to remember next time you're in this position.

160–200 You see the 21st Century as an epoch of hope and opportunity. This attitude is unusual, but in your case not surprising. After the sort of past you've had, things have just got to get better, haven't they?

210–250 You scored between 210 and 250. That's a score of roughly 210–250. Or to put it another way, 250:210.

260–300 You're nervous, nauseous and shaking so much you keep spilling your lunch down your shirt – three hours after you've eaten it. A little fear of the future is only natural, but you're getting things out of proportion. For you, the 21st Century should hold no worries whatsoever; you'll be dead within a month.

310–350 You're right to view the 21st Century as a period of challenge and increasing personal wealth. You're a road mender.

360–400 You're ahead of your time. 10.30 in the morning is much too early to attempt complex quizzes like this. Go back to bed and try again when you've sobered up.

410–500 You are the shape of things to come: round shouldered, hunch backed, big-headed, pot bellied and fat-arsed. It comes to us all in the end.

---

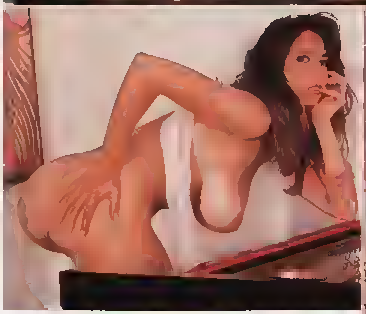
raid. The would-be robber decided to blow open the night deposit box at a Copenhagen bank... but used too much explosive. The blast was so powerful that it blew the box to pieces and all the banknotes it contained were thrown into the air like confetti. The bank manager said there was over £125,000 in the deposit box, all of them made completely worthless.

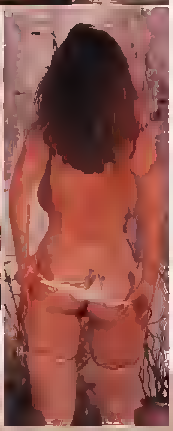
The raider escaped just before the police arrived on the scene.

When armed robbers charged into his Seville office a Spanish employer threw wads of banknotes out of the window in a desperate bid to keep them out of the raiders reach. However, the cash – worth about 1¢ 000 dollars – descended on a nearby market and was eagerly collected by stallholders and shoppers.

The businessman received some of the money back later. But about half was missing.

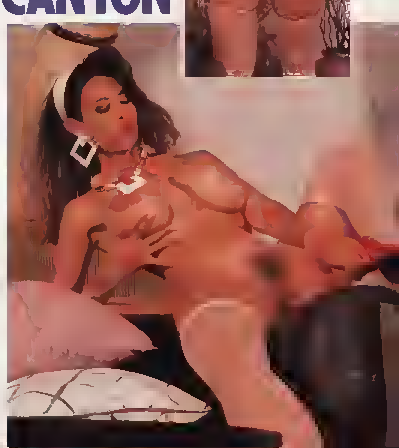
When Raymond Charman tried to rob a bank in Massanhusetts it

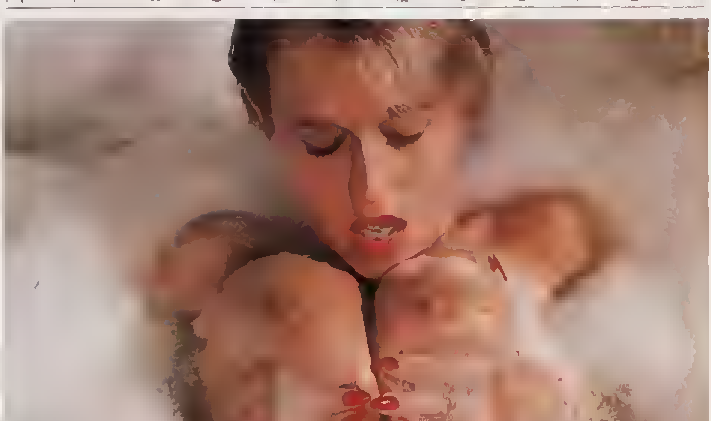




CHRISTY CANYON

Crumbs, these yankees sure knaw haw ta put a waman tagether – big relaxed tits, nice camfartable curvy bottom, a waist ta get your hands around and a laak in the eye that says: "Came en and get me, big bay," ar wards to that effect. Christy is a well-knawn porna star an the US circuit (see aur American editian). She's 24, 38-22-36, and fram her films yau'd have to agree, she just laves it – anyway she can get it.





MY CONFESSION

We all have sexy secrets and erotic fantasies although few of us are fortunate enough to be able to put them into practice. *My Confession* is for those impulsive and audacious readers who have dared to do it for real

Jerry the Mel Gibson look alike from front reception was fucking me from behind over the side of my bed when the internal phone buzzed.

Swearing I squirmed away from him letting him slip out of me with a soft plop and grabbed the phone. The assistant manager was furious! The Windsor Suite – one of the hotel's most expensive – had been calling for a maid for the past half hour. Damn!

I went up to the tenth floor in the service lift collected a trolley from a store room and knocked on the Windsor Suite door.

There was a muffled female shout from inside. I used my service key and pushed the trolley in, calling "Maid service madam!"

The living room was a pit bottles, plates and glasses scattered everywhere. As I pulled out a plastic rubbish bag a girl popped her head round the bedroom door.

"Oh hi. Do you want to start here then do the bedroom?"

"Yes, madam."

She was dark and pretty about my age. She disappeared, and there was a giggle and a low masculine growl from inside. Then more giggles a grunt and a sigh. Then the girl murmured, "No don't – take it out – I've got to do a pee – don't!" Great, I thought, feeling my pussy twitch. Not only do I not get a prod but I have to listen to someone else getting one!

The bedroom door moved. "It's *all right*," hissed the girl. "She won't mind."

I turned away but still in time to see the girl skip across the room behind me. I blinked. She was stark naked slim and shapely with high round boobs. The loo flushed, followed by the sound of a bath running. I started vacuuming and drowned it out. Five minutes later I was hoovering on the bedroom floor. I assumed the grunt meant I could go in.

The guy still lay in bed, apparently dozing. He was in his 30s curly haired and dark with the kind of bruised Latin features my ex-hubby had. His body was more toned – broad lightly haired chest, muscly but not overdone and most of his thighs dark hair curling down into his crotch.

Bending I began to dust. "Oh – sorry," said the fellow behind me. "Must have dozed off."

"S'OK, sir." I heard the bed springs move here feet on the carpet. "Good Lord!" he cried suddenly. "You're wearing suspenders!"

I straightened and turned. He was going down at my dark skirt grinning delightedly. Then I realised he didn't have a stitch on a silk dressing gown dangled from his arm, only half-covering his crotch. One side of a fat, flashy cock a good four or five inches long hung from a nest of dark hair. My heart thumped.

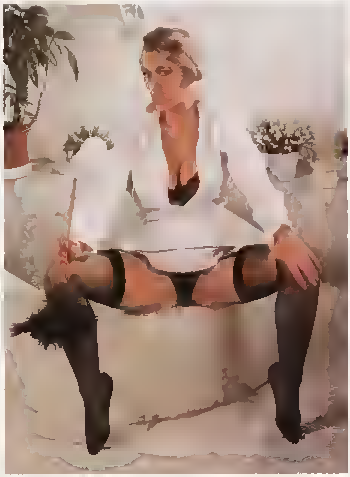
He glanced down. "Oh, sorry." Without the least embarrassment, he flicked open the dressing gown and pulled it on leaving it hanging open. "See you." He made for the door.

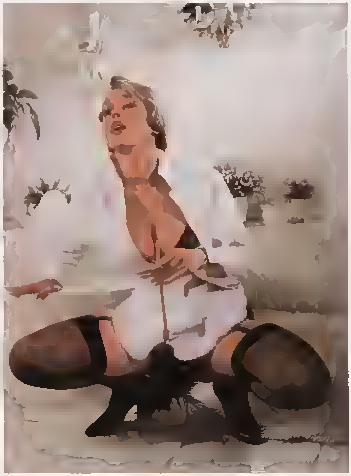
"I think I've seen enough of you already." I said.

He burst out laughing and left.

Sighing I straightened my knickers, feeling the cotton unstick from my pussy. A phantom flushing was all I needed in my state. I was not looking forward to the bathroom.

I gave them as long as I could to finish but there were still splashes and peals of laughter as





I knocked on the door. "Would you like me to come back?"

"Come on in!" the guy yelled.

I hesitated, then opened the door. The room was full of steam. The wash basin's mirror. They were in the large bath at the far end, sitting opposite each other, wreathed in bubbles. "Hi!" the girl grinned. I smiled and started on the basin.

"This is the lady with the sexy manicures," the fellow said.

"She looks sexy enough to me without there," the girl purred.

Hello, I thought, catching her grin in the wash basin mirror.

I kept my eyes down. There were more chuckles and grunts, then a long sigh, and silence. Stretching to wipe the mirror, I glanced sideways.

The guy was leaning back in the bath, eyes closed. The girl, bending forward over him, soapy boobs clear of the water. The fellow's cock, fat and stiff and long, poked out of the bubbles like a red-domed lighthouse. As I watched, the girl curled her fingers round its soapy shaft, and sank her lips over the tip. He sucked in breath. With soft, liquid sounds *she* began to suck *him*.

Going scarlet, I jerked my eyes away, rubbing faster at the glass. Behind me, the fellow began to moan. "Oh yes, baby... oh that's so good... so good." My cloth went frantic on the mirror.

Then there was a splash, and a gasp. The girl said, "What do you want?" Then, "No – wait till she's finished." The fellow murmured, "She won't notice. Just turn over – go on – I just want to put it in."

The girl shrugged, making no move. As I turned, both of them were fumbling out of the bath. Suddenly, damp boobs bouncing, the girl was clutching my arm, spinning me round to face the guy, who lunged at her, swollen cock wobbling. Both of them were laughing like drains. I pulled away, but the girl grabbed at the fellow's crotch. He yelled and leapt back, summoned me, and my foot skidded on a damp towel. I shrieked as I felt myself fall. Then the side of the bath, but the back of my knees. I tumbled backwards into the water with a splash that went halfway up the walls.

For a moment I was too shocked to speak. Then the others were bending over me, pulling me upright. "Your uniform!" the girl gasped. "You'll have to get it off." She was already tugging at the buttons of my white blouse. "Oh God, we're so sorry."

"Really?" I glanced down at her boyfriend's crotch as he helped me out of the bath. His cock was so rampant as before, standing up stiff and thick and angry looking. I had to wriggle sideways to avoid it.

He laughed, and the girl nudged him. "Don't be disgusting, Barry! Waving that thing in the poor girl's face!" I struggled to my arms as he pulled off my blouse. "Anyone'd think you fancy her."

"But I do! I already told her." The boyfriend's eyes dropped straight to my black, flower-patterned bra. I could see my nipples poking through the wet cotton. He grinned at me. "You've got fabulous tits. Let's get this thing off and have a proper look."

His hands reached up to my bra clip and I teased, glancing down at the girl. "Oh, don't mind Claire." The guy was still grinning. "She's very broad-minded." The girl's eyes shone.

I shuddered as the guy's fingers slipped the bra catch. The strap slackened, and the damp cups pushed forward under the weight of my breasts.

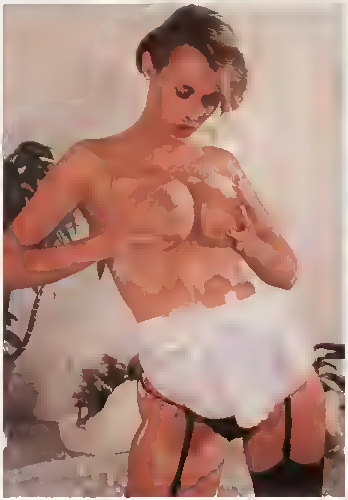
My heart was thumping so loudly I could hardly breathe. Then my bra dropped to the floor, but his hands stayed where they were, closing over my damp breasts. I gasped as his thumbs flattened upward, brushing my nipples.

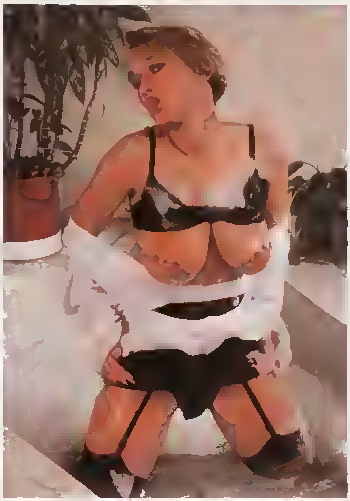
He moved closer, and the tip of his cock butted my waist. "What's your name?" His hands were gently cupping and stroking my boobs as he spoke, squeezing and mounding the flesh. My nipples *ached*.

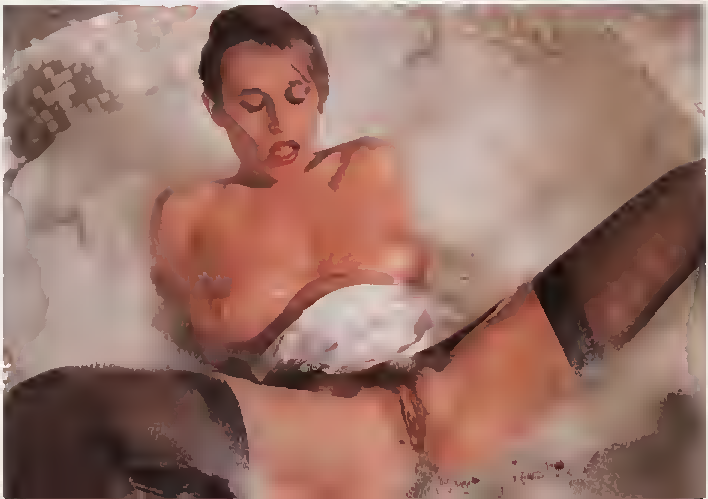
"Liz." I breathed.

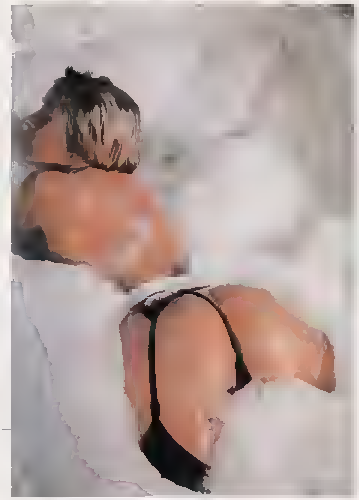
"Mmm." His voice was a soft, hypnotic purr. "I love breasts like yours, Liz. Big, soft, firm breasts, especially when the nipples are this hard." I grunted as his fingers closed over the stiffened teats, gently rolling them. "Now why don't you take your skirt off?"

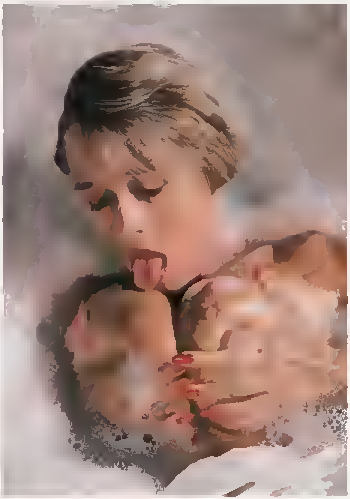
Before I could answer, another











hand plucked at my zip. I glanced down. The girl was kneeling beside me. Grinning, she smoothed my dark uniform skirt down over my bottom and my suspendered thighs. Barry's eyes didn't shift from my face.

"No point in keeping your knickers on, either is there, Liz?" he said. "I mean, they must be pretty wet by now."

I started as the girl's fingers plucked at my pants. Then they were peeling down cool air touching my damp pubes. As I stepped out of them, Barry's balls bumped my waist again as he stretched flesh hot and throbbing against mine.

I glanced down, swallowing. "Is that just for show then?"

His grin broadened in mock surprise. "What do you want me to do with it, Liz?" His eyes widened. "You don't want me to *fuck* you with it, do you, Liz?" He glanced down at the girl. "Claire, I really think Liz wants a fuck. I think she wants it quite badly."

The girl giggled, and suddenly the spell snapped. I got angry, pushing Barry's hands off my boobs. "Go and play games with somebody else. OK!"

But, as I went to push past him, he suddenly grabbed me round the waist. "Who's playing?" he snapped. Scooping me up, he plunged his face down on to my breasts, rubbing his lips over my nipples, lapping the tips with his tongue.

The breath shot out of me in an explosive of excitement. I leaned into him, moaning, pushing my boobies into his face. But he moved.

Still kissing, licking and kneading me, he began to move around me, his hands slipping under my arms, supporting me as he unpeeled and fondled my boobs from below. Gasping, confused, I felt my legs go. Yet he was lowering me, letting my knees settle on the carpet.

Eyes half closed, I twisted my head back, trying to reach him. I even stretched my hand round for his cock, which prodded the middle of my back. And then something hot and wet touched my pussy, and I jerked in shock.

Blinking, I looked down and saw the girl's dark head between my legs. She was kneeling in front of me, her face pressed to my pussy. As I stared, she moved back slightly, and I glimpsed the pale pink of her tongue, then it disappeared again in my pussy hair.

"No!" I hissed. No woman had ever done *that* to me before. But Barry's grip tightened, and then the girl's tongue lip found my slit, and I almost leapt through the ceiling.

"Christ. *Christ!*" I hissed, jerking violently as my mouth twitched and sparked. After Jerry and the past half hour I was so close to exploding, reassuring my legs to quickly could bring me off. The juices bubbled out of me as she moved her head away and I let out a moan of frantic lust.

"Barry." I heard the girl murmur. "She's ready – don't mess about – give it to her."

Barry grunted behind me. He moved his hands sliding over my back. "On your knees, love – save your bum on this wet carpet."

I dropped forward on to my elbows, blood pounding through my veins, my whole body like a coiled spring. "Open your legs." I started and gasped as Barry's hands slid between my thighs. "God, you're wet, aren't you?" A hand gripped my hip, the hot, hard tip of his cock bumped my inner thigh. I moaned. "Here it is love," he rasped, sliding it higher. "All the cock you can take."

I waited as the second prick of the day pushed and slipped and squeezed its way into my pussy hole, bulb first, then shaft, stretching and filling my warm, pink tunnel until his balls squashed against my cheeks. And then he began to hump, jerking my knees against the carpet, driving me straight through one orgasm and into another before his prick boiled over and I felt his warm cum pump into me.

And all the time the girl watched, legs akimbo, fingers rubbing at her little pink clit, pushing herself through one wincing, gasping climax after another. Her pussy just seemed to get wetter and wetter as she came and came again. She had all four fingers up there at one point, and it turned me on even more than I knew to see her. God, they were a horny couple. A fucking horny couple.

MEN ONLY

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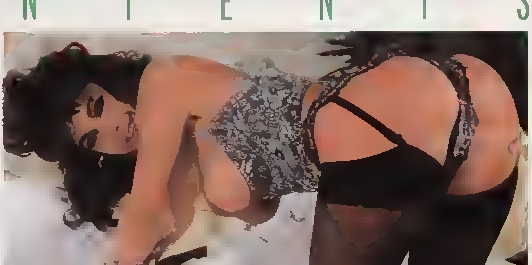


JANICE 42

HELEN 33

This being the time of year when one traditionally looks back on the achievements of the previous year and sheds to e brand new start, is it any wonder that everyone spends Christmas and New Year completely totally absolutely, rat-arsed drunk? Especially if like mine, your major achievement of the year is getting stuck in the lift.

Makes you think doesn't it? Of course it's not everyone who can achieve even that. Getting stuck in the lift with three half naked girls is, I suppose, a triumph in itself in some ways.

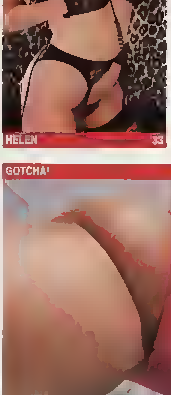
I'm very sorry if this happens to be your pet particular fantasy, but I have to say it is not all it's cracked up to be. I know the fantasy bit: The lift sticks, the girls panic, masterfully you calm their tears and then as the hours go by with an hope of rescue mirine takes its course and you are finally rescued as shagged out they have to carry you on a shovel.

But you shouldn't believe everything you see in the fantasies! For e start the modern half naked girl doesn't panic – you do! And they don't calm you down soothingly they take over. "Let's all jump up and down together," says Debbie Jordan. "That'll shift it."

And there you are quivering in the corner twittering. "Have you thought what will happen if the bottom falls out of this thing?" But they jump anyway their tits jiggling, bums rippling as their high heels clash against the steel floor.

I hnew you think these girls

GOTCHA! 7



LISA 14

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

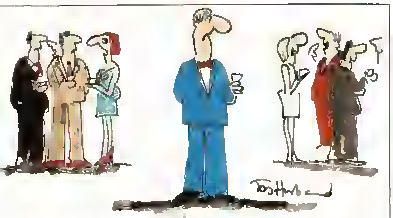
Moth Balls

Sir I have a terrible problem. Whenever I make love outdoors my testicles start to glow with a bright green light – they also crackle unpleasantly.

What makes it even more distressing is that at night moths are attracted to them. They flutter round me, tickling horribly, putting me off my stroke. I have learned about sex at school but never heard of anything like this. What am I doing wrong?

Y K
London NW4

You should be screwing a woman, not a nuclear power station – Ed



VTT

Sir I have been trying to make love to my wife on our Velo Tout Terrain for many months now. We always screwed on our road bike when we were students – me taking her from behind sitting on the saddle while she pedalled – but we did not have the true freedom of the countryside.

On the VTT we can go anywhere. We can ride stark naked and no one will disturb us – much nicer than doing it through holes in our cycling shorts. It gives our bodies such freedom!

The problem is going downhill. Uphill is wonderful! Marie's powerful legs push us up huge climbs in the low gear and with each stroke her bottom twists and her pussy squeezes my cock in a special way. For her, the exercise gives so much extra pleasure to her orgasm. But, of course we really want to come to a peak of pleasure at the top of the hill and have our orgasms while running freely down the rocky hillside at 50mph! The joy, the thrill...the danger.

And this is the trouble. To balance a bicycle going down at this speed, the rider instinctively gets off the saddle and hangs her behind over the back wheel which, in our case, tips me off the back on to my head. I wear a crash helmet but even so it is an anti-climax.

G K
Carlisle

This is a common problem. Most VTT riders put a strap around the women's bottom from the head tube so she can't move back. It is then up to the man to hang his bum over the back wheel – an excellent position to apply extra braking if required. Nothing stops a bike so firmly as an arsehole pressed to the top of the tyre – Ed

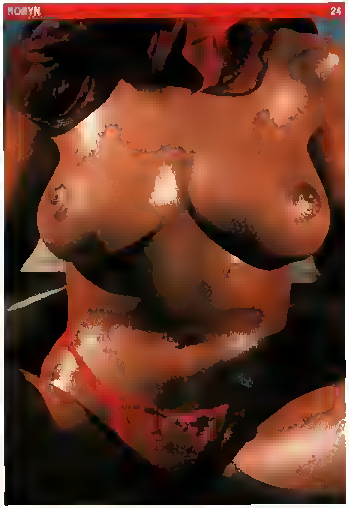
Vinegret

Sir My girlfriend has a strange sexual fantasy which she learned from a boy when she was at school. She likes me to shake up a magnum of champagne, holding my thumb over the top and slip it as far into her pussy as my hand will allow. Then I let it *gooosh!* up inside her.

This has her howling with pleasure, each tingling bubble arousing her to a fresh paroxysm of joy.

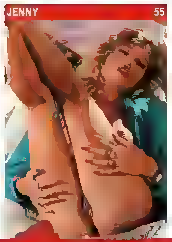
Then, of course, I drink the champagne from her, which makes her come over and over again. The problem is that I have a huge erection by this

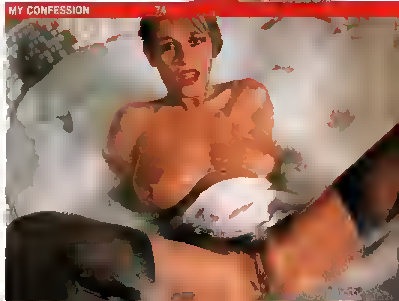
continued on page 7



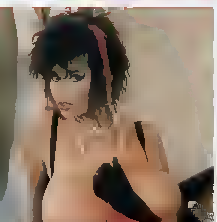
would be alluring in any conditions, but believe me, when you see Debbie Gaynor and Heather using the combined weight of their D-cups behind those pile-driving high high heels to tip you into oblivion, they don't turn you on.

A quick shrill scream seems called for. They stop. It wasn't doing any good anyway. Then suddenly they're climbing all over you. Using you as a ladder as Gaynor can reach the escape hatch prior to a greasy climb to freedom. She's on your shoulders, choking the breath out of you trying to get the hatch open. There you are with a mouth full of pussy and you're not in the least bit interested.





GLENN 62



LUCY 30

It's shameful. Shame doubled when the door swooshes open all of a sudden to reveal the grinning face of Dingbus Bullwanker (Legal Department).

"Going down?" he enquires. The first joke he's ever made that works and no chances of hearing the last of it, ever!

Luckily the guy'nor got stuck in the lift next day which is why Raymond Towers is echoing to the sound of hammers (which you may well hear on the sound track of Sky TV's *Jameson Tonight*) and all editorial work is done in the foyer as few members of staff can make it up the stairs.

If that's your achievement of 69 what can you do but get drunk? And as for looking ahead to a brand new start, to get it! What with the Fat Controller screwing up your money, the cranial layer spoiling all your fun and nothing to look forward to but an endless stream of gorgeous birds chewing you their bits, drink is the only answer

THE·DONE·THING

WHAT THE ECU DOING?

Sixty six pee to one French arsehole? Is it any wonder that even the vulgar Eurocrat calls it the *Common* European Currency?

"Dreading that climax of all human ills
The inflammation of this weekly bills."
George Gordon, Lord Byron

Je ne pas sais pas is the only garlic-scented froggy phrase I ever bothered to learn. Means something like "I piss up your arse" which is frankly all an English gentleman ever needs to say to Johnny Frog.

I was ashamed of knowing even that much Gallic gerble but at least I can see the joke when the European Economic Cock-up (ECH) decides on a common Euro-currency called the *Ecu*.

Ye Gods! It shows a pretty high degree of self-disgust when a once proud nation like ours starts calling its money pet. Are we to sit back and allow the Dagos to force us into dealing with the French arsehole?

It will be decimalised for certain. *1 French arsehole = 100 dingleberries, 1 dingleberry = 10 piles, 1 pile = 10 silent farts* and so on. Oh happy day that will see the young saplings of the noble English race sitting at their school desks working out how many pile to an arsehole!

QUI MAL Y PENSE? It is no small thing that the Ecu is an obsolete French unit of currency. The wily frog is attempting to conquer the island once more through the back door and Jacques de Lor.

They will say Ecu does not mean arsehole at all: it just sounds as though it does. They will say it comes from the *Latin Scutum* meaning a shield. I say it comes from the Latin *scrotum* meaning a load of old balls!

Imagine for a moment what such a coin will look like. The head of Napoleon on one side and an impressionist engraving of cock sucking on the other, no doubt. And like all things French it will be worthless. You'll need a sack of 'em to buy a box of matches, mark my words. Then we will all truly be as silly as a bag full of arseholes.

And it raises a problem of etiquette. For the English gentleman simply cannot go around buying things with froggy arseholes. It just won't do!

THE FAT CONTROLLER is surprised many of us at the Antheneum that he jumped up scribbler Lawson (universally known as The Fat Controller although he insists he is neither fat nor in control – seems to understand this. It all goes to show that a vulgar dick can sometimes come to the same conclusion as a gentleman although for all the wrong reasons.

He leapt into the breach to meet this froggie attack with a counter thrust. Why not, he suggested, make all ECH currencies legal tender within the European Economic Catastrophe and stuff your Ecu where it belongs?

Hurrah as far as it goes. Which isn't very far. Can you imagine the English gentleman plonking down a good solid English quid and receiving for change an armful of Dego Pinstakers? Bloody bottle tops with holes in that get blown all across the landscape when anyone leaves the bank door open?

Fat chance. He'll they're not worth anything. Brother Dego wouldn't let you tupp his sister for a barrow-load of 'em!

HEADS I WIN. And who is to say I will end them? Having come this far how much further will the spavined vermin who still bear the title Englishmen go in accommodating so-called money of self-entitled nations? Next thing you know we'll be carrying around piles of mumm-fied heads with all the expensive radiesign work that would mean on cash-registers, slot machines and wallets! It would mean the end of our great national games for the toss would always come down heads, and half the time the damn skull would bust open giving the unfair advantage of a patch of brains on a length and dog stumps!

FLATULATION. Of course the main reason it is ecu money grubbing counter jumping vulgarians at bankers went to bugger around with the currency is greed. Every time the coinage is changed nobody knows what it is worth for months and when they find out all the prices have miraculously doubled. We had it all with the lamentable decimation of the penny. Then we awoke to find ourselves drowning in new pee. How much worse when the pound in your pocket becomes a French arsehole!

I speak from experience being Distinct Commissioner in Swineland before the horrendous devaluation of the Swineless Twot. All done in the name of efficiency of course by the same bunch of grocers who want to do it to us.

The economy of Swineland was based on barter. They needed coinage very rarely and when they did the Twot sufficed. You needed a hundredweight of yams and had nothing to swap for it? You took your wife, mother, sister or whatsaveyou down to the market, let the yam seller fuck her and Mr Bingo! One Twot's worth of yams delivered at the trot.

As I say, money was not much used and it was we officials who benefited most. One Twot would bribe us to do almost anything. For two

MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 13 U.K.

SPECIAL BONK TO THE FUTURE ISHEW

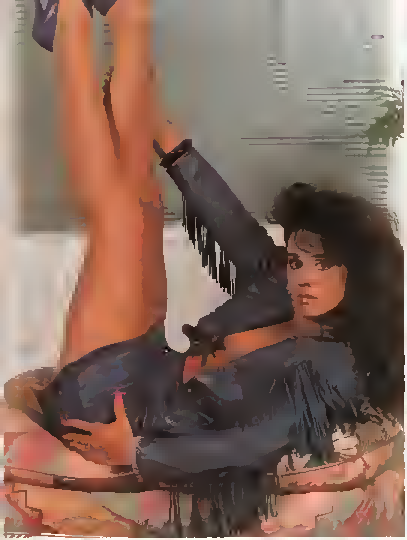
1990 AND ALL THAT: A GROOVY GROPE AT THE FUTURE

PLINK PLONK PLUNK: OUR NUDEST PIANO TEACHER

BONK FACTOR NINE: SECRETS OF WEIGHTLESS SEX

CHRISTY CANYONS: THE GIRL WITH THE BOING BOING BOOBS

GLENN



Glenn is needed prone (24.22.36). If it all very well sitting there looking over her but believe me you're a light years at a distance.

This was the girl who relived his position of serving in the RAF. She thought. I had my knocking the breakfast off and rolling across the duvet and just towards a 400H white cliff of Duvet. Would have made it too, if they hadn't run into a rounding people who had just left the shed strokes before the earth moved and he did it at his clavicle.

It was Glenn who found the rest of her dreams was impolite unless she lay down with an alarm clock. Calm by nothing set in go off in 15 minutes time.

The vibrator is hung a call for whimpering as she ran until the clock drove its threat.

I was Glenn who told the most over the years she'd ever ya need to take her out in his car to the back of the golf links and whisper... Get your knickers gear around that! In his exciting, vibrant voice. He didn't mind it. If you ended up in bed with the pro, it would be a disaster! He...

BLAH!

continued from page 4

time and want nothing more then to drown it in her dripping cunt. But I cannot for the wine has taken all her juices away and she is dry and tight. Also having had multiple climaxes she is usually asleep. What can I do?

H L
Manchester

This is a common problem. Most experienced lovers learn to keep a bottle of castor oil by them. Then when the woman is licked almost dry they take a mouthful and spout it into her pussy allowing quick and easy entry for the penis.

A certain amount of throat control is necessary, of course for if you accidentally swallow that much castor oil you may find you have to leave the room well before you reach orgasm. Ummgh! – Ed

"There's one of me before the wig."

Farming Today

Sir. Although I am only 13 I love older men and I have been the mistress of the farmer I work for since last Christmas.

He is a kind and good lover but recently something happened that made me wonder about his sexuality.

We were making love in a hay-rick when his wife discovered us. We were too involved to notice her unfortunately. The nasty bitch came up behind my Peter just as he was thrusting fast and hard and stuck a grassed cucumber up his bottom!

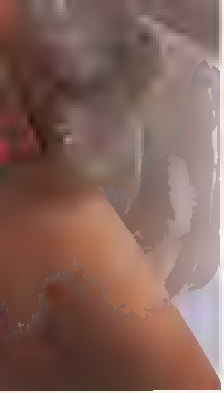
He gave a gasp and a twitch. Then he withdrew from me and started to thrust back on to the cucumber which the fat bitch was still holding. We have made love since but this worries me. Is Peter a homosexual?

H Y
Peterborough

No, he's probably just a vegetarian. Ed

continued on page 13

You have no doubt read about the mysterious saucer-shaped depressions now appearing with amazing regularity among the standing crops of Wiltshire. Naturally, every lunatic UFO crank is claiming they represent the landing grounds of flying saucers filled with aliens who have an unhealthy fascination with wheat and barley. Rubbish. The scientific solution is simple! The depressions are caused by a gigantic female behind planted firmly on the face of the earth – as our pics prove. No danger, the Earth loves it!



HELEN
LNATOR

attempts to " KIDS EDUCATION?" "We get Oxford students to tutor them in the summer Cheaper than taking them on holiday " "PARKING TICKETS? "Anybody who bothers to register his car at his own address deserves all he gets " HOUSE PRICES? I'm never there anyway "

It will be noted that the skilled social drinker is fitting the other fellow do the work From time to time you will have to go on auto-cruise as the lady of your choice witters on about her entirely boring and unremarkable life career and friends while you assess the best move to get your end away The more boring she is the more often you must say "How interesting" and she will find you interesting for being interested in her If she really is interesting act as if you've heard it all before then she won't bracket you with all those naive young men who've tried to find out all about her

The whole key to the thing is that women never expect you to listen

We suggest you might be surprised at your sudden increase in sexual popularity with the ladies if you stop trying to put your own ego over for 20 minutes and really listen to what they're saying Tragic really But most men never have a clue what makes woman tick – they're too full of themselves Why not try it You'll be amazed *Med Jack*

MONSTERMIND

TIT IN A TRANCE

An explosive compilation of the crass /%#! who always say swearing shows a lack of vocabulary right up their slimey °&$%&#!*[*£$

Smugnuss Smugnusson Our next contestant is Alan Trooper Mr Trooper is a trooper by profession and his hobbies are swearing and swearing Mr Trooper scored one point only in our General Knowledge section

Alan Trooper: Yeah and why? Cos your breath smells like a corpse's jockstrap and it's as hot as roasted suckling pigshit under those gory lights! How can I think when I'm sweating like ---

Smugnuss Quite so We wish you better luck with your special subject which is

Alan Trooper: Scatological simile and metaphor

Smugnuss Could you explain that in simple terms for me?

Alan Trooper: Well if you can't understand plain bloody English it means you're as thick as a ship's whore's tampax nine months out of Pompeii

Smugnuss Correct Mr Trooper you have one minute to answer each one on your special subject starting NOW!

Q What hump-backed compaction of waste matter is an unloved man?

A. He's a Richard.

Q Correct Which Richard?

A. Richard the turd

Q Correct What harmful receptacle of fundamental orifices is he as shifty as?

A. As a bag full of arseholes

Q Correct Like what small hypnotised bird does he behave?

A: Like a tit in a trance.

Q Correct As stable as what unit of natural gas in an electrostatic atmospheric disturbance is he?

A: Fore.

Q What concentration of melanin does one suspect one's friend to be striking?

A: He's a freckle puncher.

Q Correct What sort of earth-tinkler or mollimarker is one convinced one is dealing with?

A. a bloody brown hatter!

Q Correct At what upwardly mobile haberdasher's art does he excel?

A. Shirt fitting

Q Correct For what infantile ambulatory activity is our friend noted?

A. For crawling

Q Correct On what immortal part of his footwear does our friend Richard need to write his name in big letters?

A On the soles of his shoes

Q Correct What feat of super or panelmit on makes this necessary for purposes of identification?

A. He crawls so far up the toss's arse it's the only way you'd know who he is!

Q Correct To what large tobacco pouch is a loose young lady most easily compared?

A. She's a shag bag

Q Correct But what species of dusky pushing males will the young lady cease to appear?

A. She could make a dead man come

Q Correct What door furniture hits she that rightfully belongs to Mickey Mouse's cousin Enid?

A. Enormous knockers!

Q Correct What archaic aircraft works supplies her finger?

A. She gets her bras made at the Zeppelin factory

Q Correct As stupid as what joint you would like her to give you one off are her nipples?

A. As thick as my wrist!

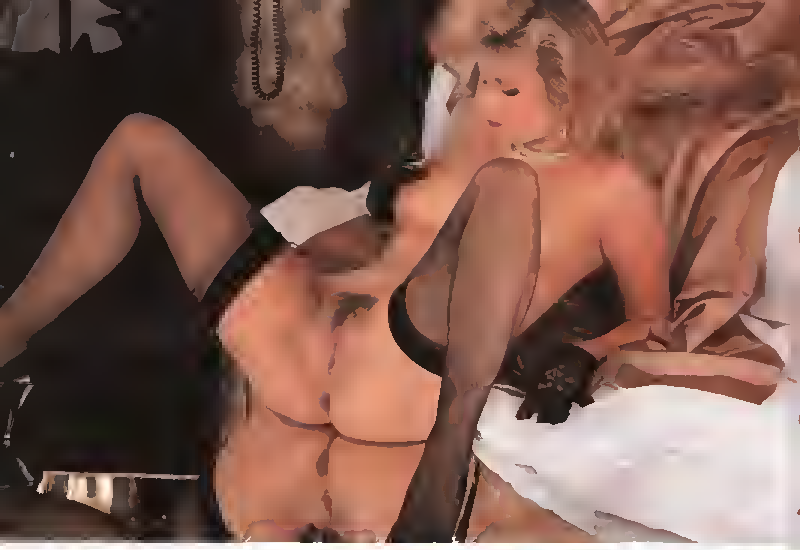
Q Correct Like what I've started so fill in shit like what upwardly mobile rodent in a vertical sewer would you ascend her person?

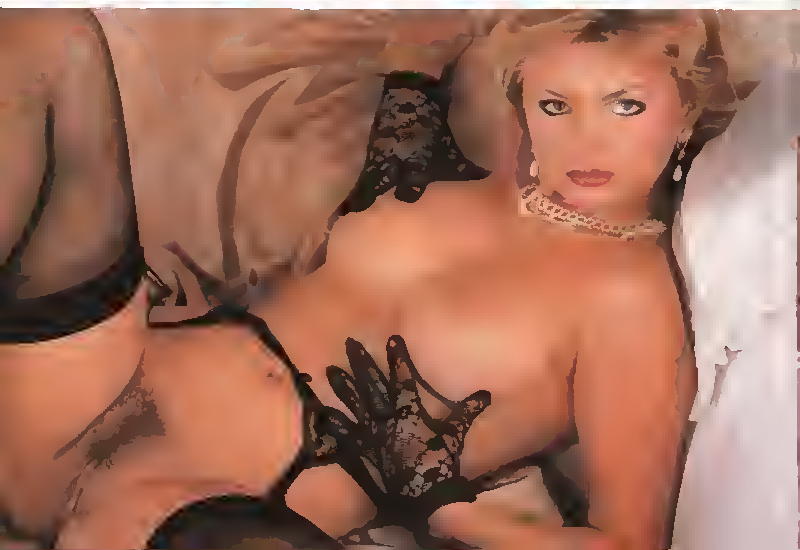
A. Like a Yuppie in a Skoda.

Q Wrong The answer on the card is *Like a rat up a drainpipe*

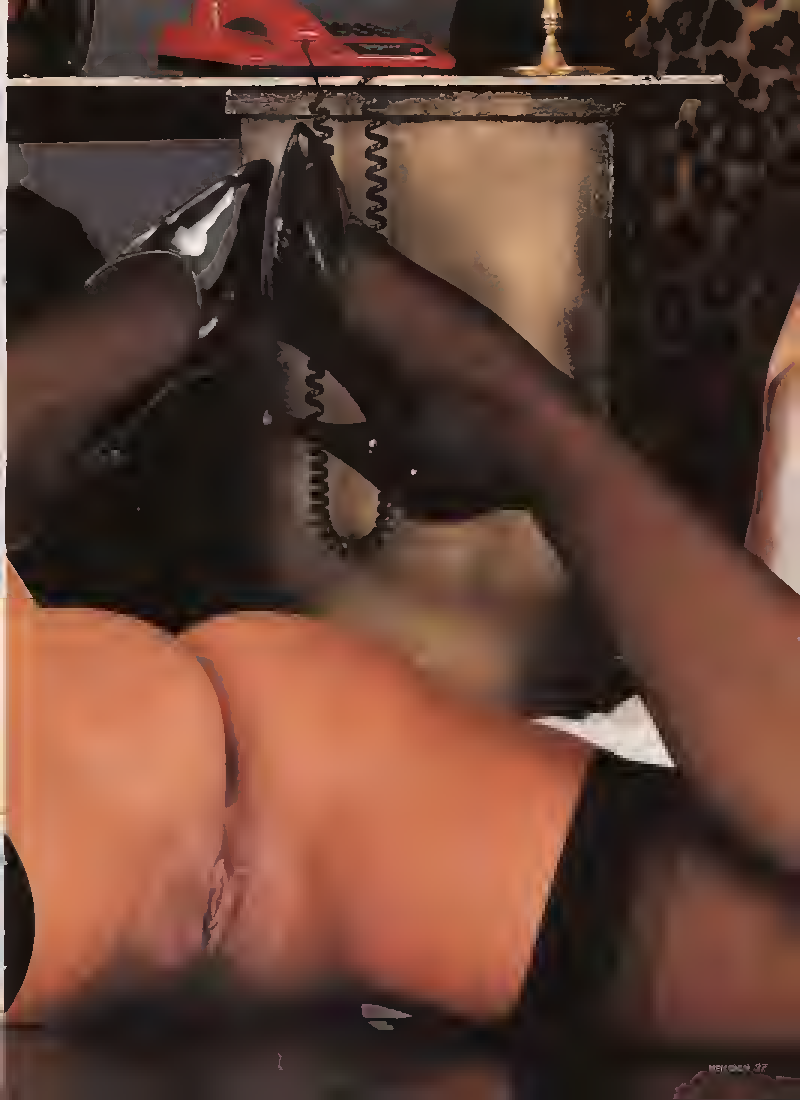
A. Bollocks! You're as confused as a bull dyke in a urinal. you! I never heard at that one. Like an elephant up a flea's pisser, yeah

Smugnuss That is the answer on the card Mr Trooper you have scored 14 points The unit of natural gas which you are about as stable as is a fart in a thunderstorm and at this moment you are about as useful as a spare prick at a muff diving contest Can we have the next contestant please *Tym Manley*





MEN ONL



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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

PUBLIÉ·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB

POUR HOMMES

AVA, LAURA ET YOLANDA: JUTEUX ANANAS!

NOËL EGOÏSTE: PAS TRISTE!

89 EN MUSIQUE: UN COCKTAIL CAPITEUX

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

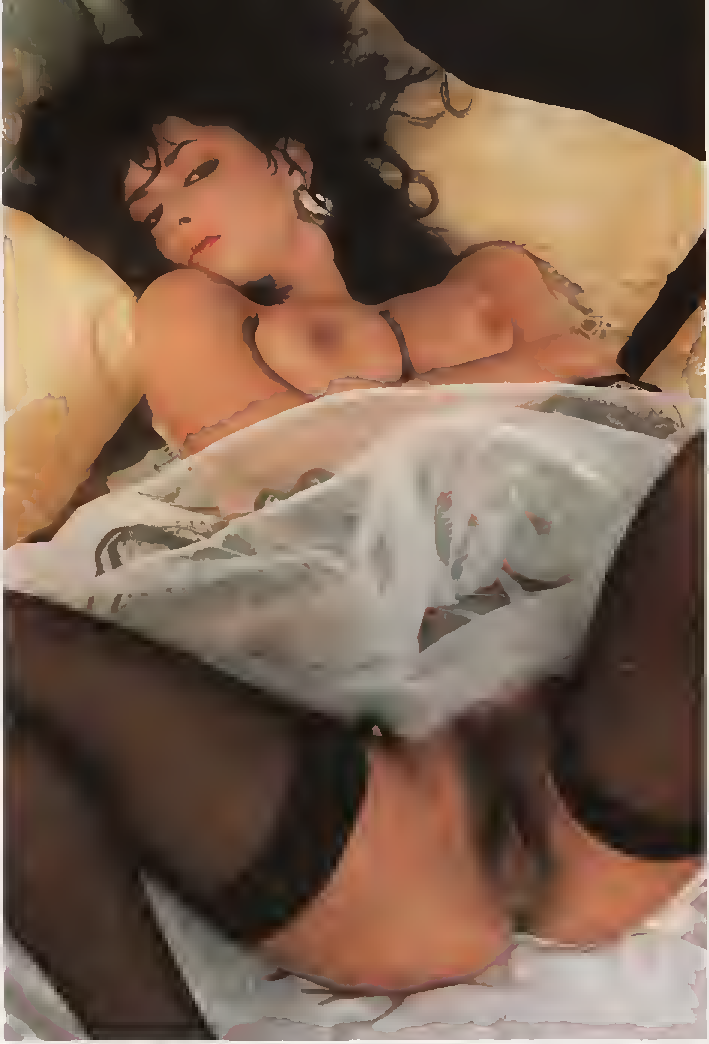
WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

J·A·N·I·C·E

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

J

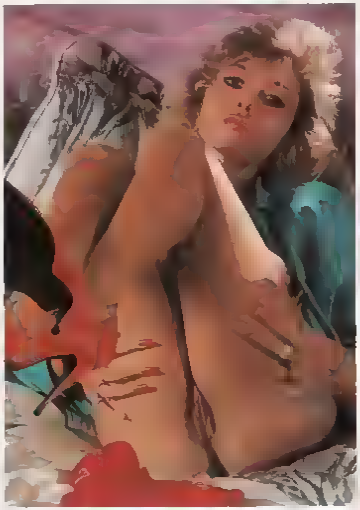
Wopponi who has forbidden
p zza joint after he complained
about a dose of Pizza Hoss (and
had a close encounter of the fourth
kind with his giant pepper grinder).
Seems she crashed into the Fat
Controller's Rover just as he got
out, wobbling her bits with
inevitable results
A rise in his interest rate

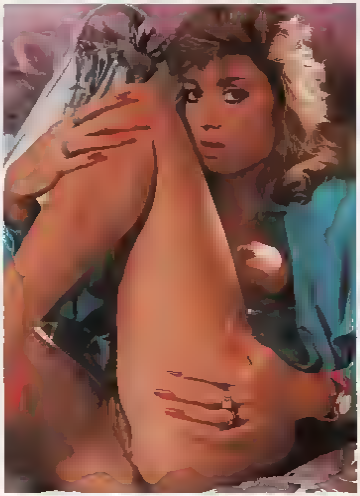


MEN ONLY

Jenny

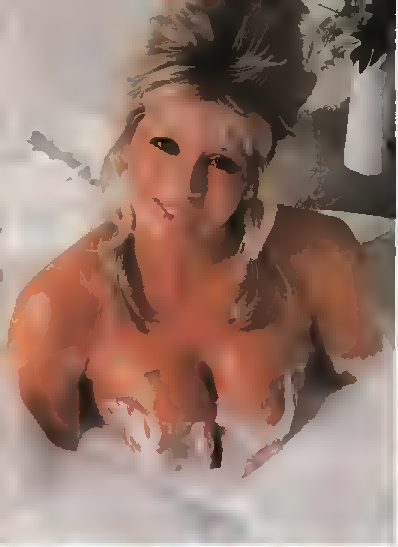
PHOTOGRAPHE ET RUPERT DAINES

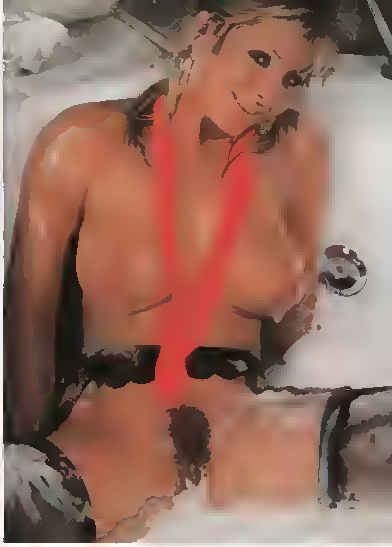


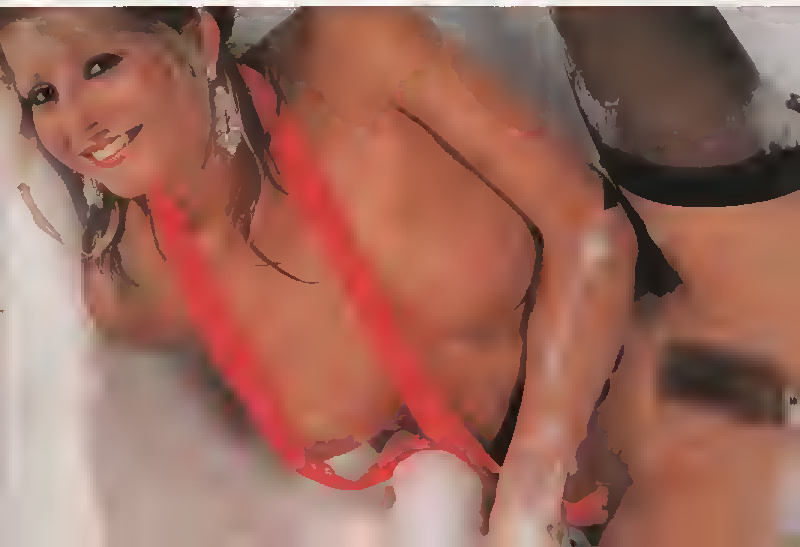


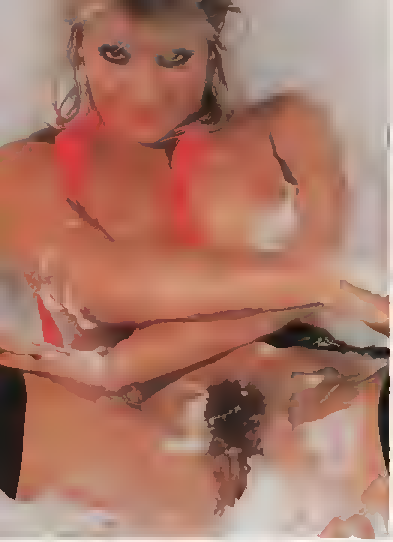
Nothing but musicians in this issue. Jenny plays guitar. With her right nipple. Well, she did once at a medical school concert, Jimi Hendrix style! She says it sounded terrible and made her nipple so sore and swollen she had to wear a champagne cork in the left cup of her bra for a week to even things up (37 23-36). Since then she's kept her nipples strictly for their proper use – tickling the palms on men's hands – and has taken to playing jigs with her fingers. Naughty!

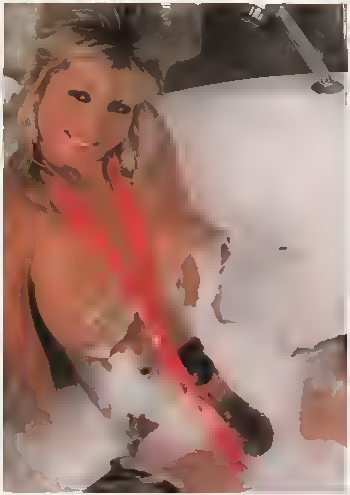
lisa
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ADAM



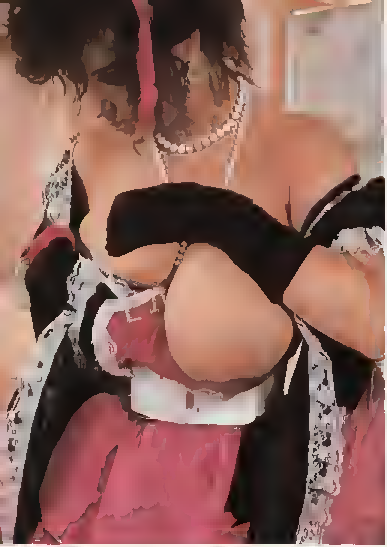
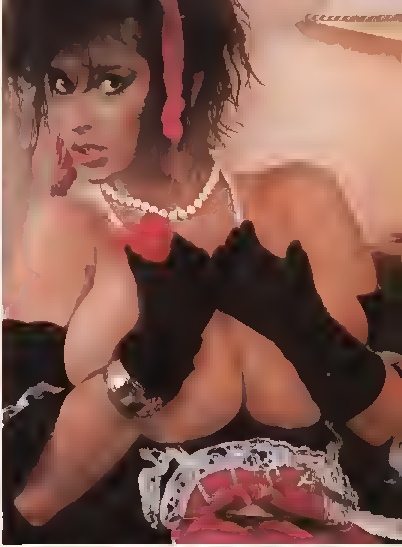
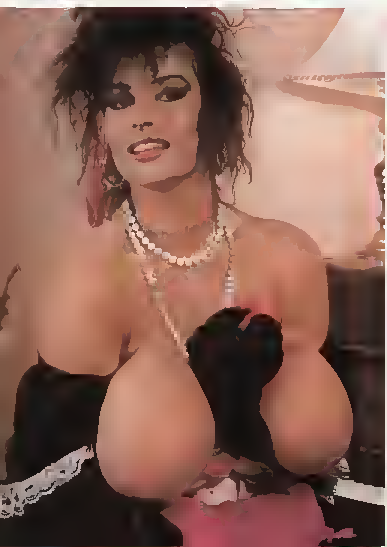


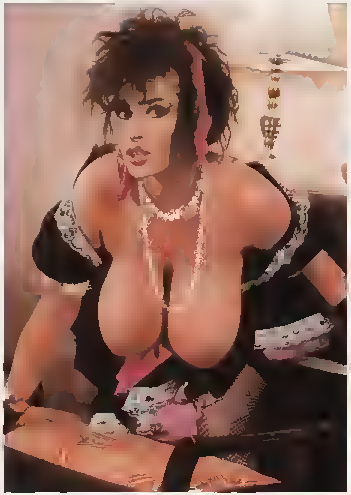


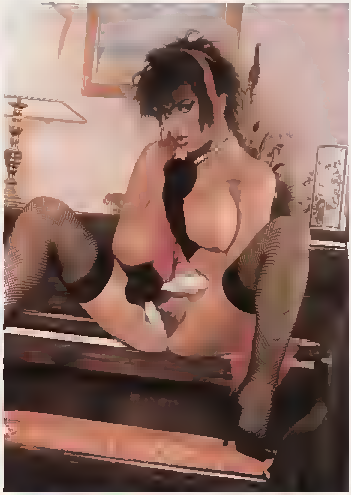




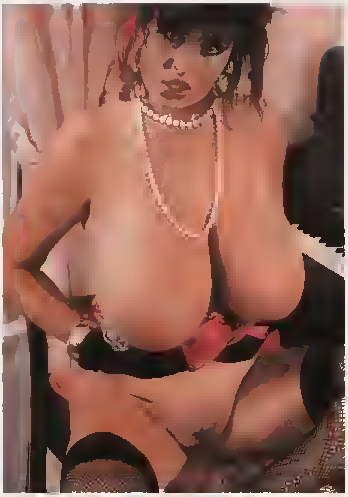
Seems Lisa (actually Lucy before the EEC mammestandardisation directive came into force – see Lucy ibid) is a hairdresser's assistant from Welwyn Garden City. At least that's what I understood her to say. But what with London Boys (brilliant rock n mime band) crashing through the ceiling of Raymond Towers after a lot of jumping up and down on the roof for the benefit of Six Five Special *– or whatever rock programme the teeb have these days – and guests from* Jameson Tonight *wandering into the studio and getting into the bath with her (convinced it was the hospitality suite of Sky TV) you couldn't hear yourself think. Possibly this was just as well if you're thinking what we were thinking watching her wallowing around (35-22-36)*

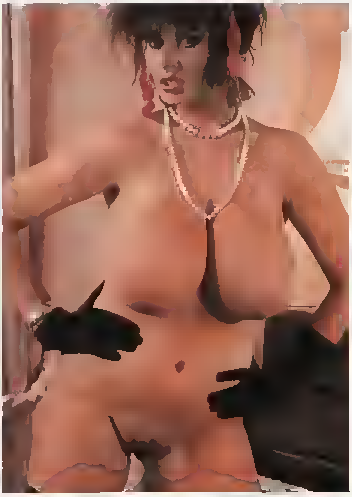




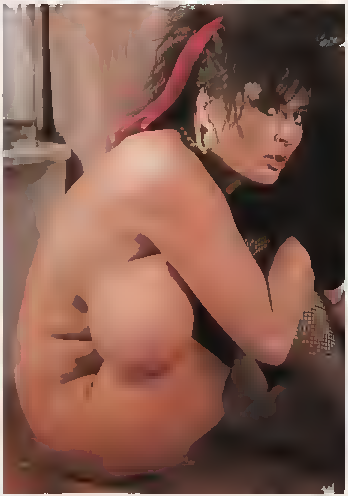


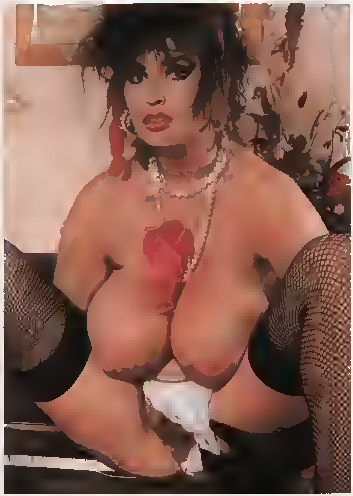


LUCY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GRAHAM

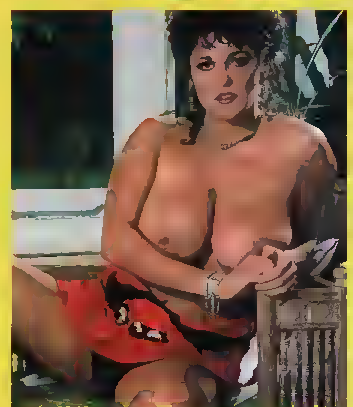








NEXT MONTH IN MEN ONLY



COR BLUMLEY!

IT'S TRACY NUDES, YET ANOTHER EXCLUSIVE PAGE THREE STARK RAVING NEVES, WONDER GORGEOBIRO. IN THE VERY NEXT ISH! SEE THOSE CHUNKO CHEWY GO-GO TITTIES IN FULL CLOSE-UP BRA STRAINING 1990'S OZONE FRIENOLY ACTION, ADMIRE HER GROOVILY GROOMED PUBES, SEE BITS YOU DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAO. IN FACT THE FULL REAL GORGEO LIVING THING BROUGHT TO YOU IN NOURISHING BITE SIZEO CHUNKS IN MEN ORGY VOL 55 NO 1, THE FIRST ISHEW OF THE DECADE ON SALE JANUARY 11TH

continued from page 34

might be getting our rocks off!" Spike bounced off the door and careered towards the spare spacesuit storage.

"Does he now?" responded Trish, hurtling out of control after Spike.

He reached out an arm and grabbed her by the waistband of her panties. They floated together towards the locker that contained Second Officer Blekin's supply of scotch.

"Yes," replied Spike. "The thought that I might slowly slide my huge throbbing tool into the snug hot velvet of your snatch is enough to drive him wild with rage."

Trish slid a hand down his torso and located his schlong. She rubbed it saltily, pleased to note the effect that she was having. Spike responded by cupping a heavy left breast in his hand, rotating his finger around her nipple, feeling it stiffen and lengthen in response.

"Mmmm," sighed Trish. "So, he doesn't like this kind of thing, does he?"

Spike could feel his shaft healing up. "He most certainly doesn't approve," he smiled, hooking his fingers into the waistband of her M&S panties and tugging them down over her beautifully rounded buttocks. They floated apart as Trish pulled her pants off her long legs and allowed them to drift away.

She sighed as the two of them floated together. Spike approaching from the east, his erect dick primed and on a collision course with Trish's wet pussy.

It was a complex docking manoeuvre but perfectly executed as his probe slid easily into her mothership until it was fully parked in her shuttle-bay. Trish gave a low moan of satisfaction.

"Screw Cooper," she sighed. "I approve of it."

Commander Cooper stared at the monitor in disbelief. "They can't," he gasped. "The impudence! The insubordination! The flagrant disregard for proper style!"

"The hot throddim sex action!" leered Parker, his eyes fixed firmly on the screen as Spike and Trish writhed locked together, in zero gravity. His hand dropped to his tap and massaged his swollen pud. "Yeah!" he drooled. "Look at them, the dirty bastards! Look at that arse!"

Commander Cooper clasped his hands over his eyes. It was all going so horribly wrong.

"In the storeroom, things were getting INTERESTING. Weightlessness lent a whole new dimension to fucking, enabling Spike and Trish to explore new, previously unthought of sexual positions. What they were doing was rewriting the *Kama Sutra* – and having a whole lot of fun in the process.

"Jesus!" breathed Trish as Spike attempted to stand on his head in mid-air as his slippery dick pistoned in and out of her galactic gash.

"This is INCREDIBLE!"

"Ummm, damn right!" Spike grunted concentrating, swinging himself upright and gripping her by the shoulders so that her massive melons crushed into his chest. He reached down and grasped her feet, turning her in his hands, swivelled, adding an extra twist as he drove his Saturn IV deeper into her superheated sopping slit. Trish sighed with delirious pleasure, feeling him burrowing the apricot inside her. She coiled her arms around his neck. "Harder!" she hissed into his ear. "Harder! Make mum thrust!"

"Warp Factor Seven!" moaned Spike, renewing with renewed vigour.

"Engage Photon Overdrive!" gasped Trish, bucking back against him.

"ENGAGED!" yelled Spike, his arse almost a blur.

"OH JESUS!" groaned Trish.

"OH YEAH!" cried Lieutenant Parker, his hand pumping furiously in his lap.

"OH YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!!!"

"Oh shit!" muttered Commander Cooper.

"YES!" screamed Spike.

"YES!" screamed Trish.

"YESSSSSS!!!" they screamed in unison as their climax blasted off all over them with such an intensity that they floated apart. Spike shooting helplessly into zero gravity, his white goo blizzarding happily towards the ceiling – and into the vicious sex fuelled Trish's twat. The storeroom was filled with their gasps and moans and cries of cosmic ecstasy.

Lieutenant Parker almost matched them in intensity as he dissolved all over the autopilot, totally oblivious to Commander Cooper's disgusted gaze. Cooper gave a low moan of despair as he watched Parker merrily choking his chicken and Trish and Spike floating around the storeroom in post orgasmic bliss. It had all gone so very very wrong.

Trish bumped her head on a cupboard, but she didn't mind. Spike glided alongside her in pursuit of his floating jacket where he'd stashed his fags. Trish exhaled. "I saw stars," she breathed.

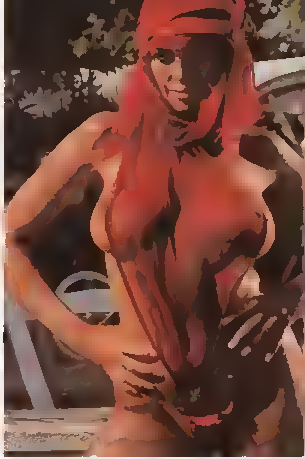
So did I."

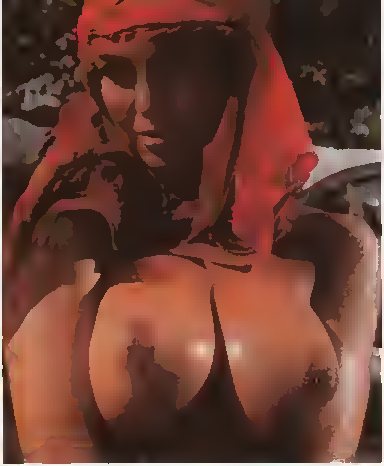
Trish giggled and floated off towards the ceiling.

"Maybe next time we'll shut the porthole," she smiled.

Robyn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD WILN





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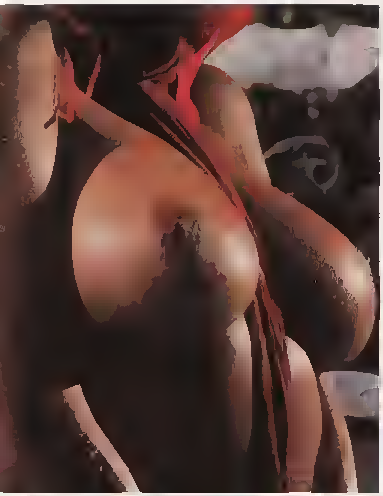
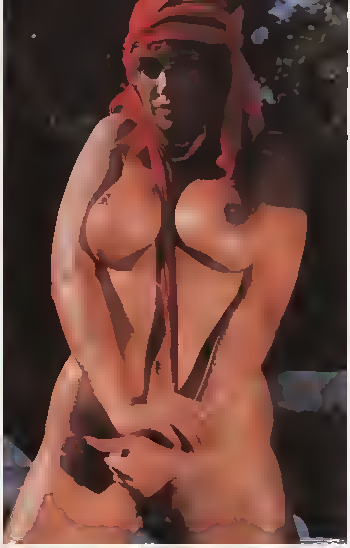
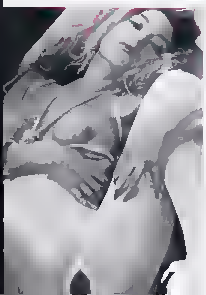




YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'll [illegible] your letters [illegible] Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE



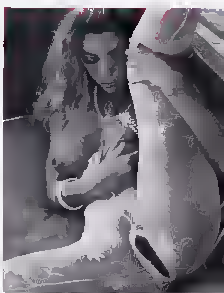
SHOCKING STOCKING

One Saturday during the summer, while shopping at my favourite lingerie store in Knightsbridge, I caught sight of this simply gorgeous white flowered nylon body stocking and I knew I had to have it despite the hideous price tag of £85! It was utterly transparent with thick white stocking seams up the back. However, most tantalising of all was the fact it was crotchless, which, due to me being a silly tart, I didn't notice till I went into the changing room.

"How is it?" asked the manageress. I told her I needed a second opinion and she giggled when she saw my plump, pink pussy filling the teardrop-shaped hole.

"I'm sure your husband will adore it," she said, giving my bottom an affectionate pinch and accidentally letting her middle finger brush lightly against my sex. I ask you, what a cheeky old cow!

I couldn't wait to get home and try it on. My husband was due back from a business trip to Dubai in a couple of nights and I wanted to wear something sexy to turn him on. When I had rested and peeled the thing on, it felt amazingly sensual. I



slipped into some white high heeled shoes and got so excited by the way I looked, posing in front of my dressing table mirror I couldn't resist giving my clitoris a tweak.

Fortunately, or otherwise, I'm a very highly-sexed girl, and a tweak is all it takes to give me a wet-on. I took the mirror off the dresser and leaned it against the wall, dumped a couple of pillows on the floor in front of it, then I got my KY Jelly from the bathroom and sat in front of the mirror with my legs positioned wide apart.

I squeezed a huge squidge of KY over the fingers of my right hand and slapped it across my cunt – which was looking thoroughly obscene. I might add, protruding through the crotch

I got so excited by the way I looked I couldn't resist giving my clitoris a tweak...

hole of my body stocking. I massaged more and more lubricant into my pussy until I was literally dripping with the stuff. I could have taken Johnny Holmes, I was so sloppy down there!

I'm sure your lady readers know that it's like wanking with KY Jelly. It's all cold and slimy to start with, but then once you start rubbing, it makes you feel – as well as look – absolutely incredible.

And so I sprawled in front of the mirror, three fingering, then four-fingering my cunt, making perfectly disgusting slurping noises in the process and very highly-tempted indeed to get on the phone to an ex boyfriend for a quick fix. Instead, I made myself come by plugging my cunt with a rubber dildo and feigning my clit at the same time getting KY all over my lovely sexy new outfit, but much too turned-on to care!

Two nights later when Jim was home, I led him out to the patio. All I wore was my white lady stocking and white winklepickers and Jim said he'd never seen my bottom look so lovely. He put his fingers up me from behind while I walked, a ladylike sway in my hips.

I clung to a tree, spread my legs and stuck my arse out, and Jim dropped his robe and went down on his knees, poking his tongue up my sex and licking me into a state of ecstasy. Then he got to his feet and entered me from behind, clinging to my tits and really humping it up me hard, making up for all those weeks of frustration.

As he reached his climax he ripped my body stocking apart, replacing his prick with his fingers and cumming his lot up my back. He kept his fingers in me till I came, after which we went to bed and had a marvellously filthy 69. In all, a wonderful – if somewhat costly – reunion!

Belinda, Windsor

WILD IN THE COUNTRY

My name's Stephanie and I'm 24. I'm in love with my boyfriend. I don't fancy him around and I want to marry him, but I've never had his wonderful cock in my pussy, every night.

I'm simply crazy about the guy. I rub myself off at least twice a day thinking about him. He's hung like a donkey, he treats me badly and calls me horrid names. I like it – there, I've said it. But when he makes love to me and he's pumping deep into my pussy he tells me he loves me and begs me never to leave him. Ever.

Why can't it stay like that? Because it turns me on rewriting the dirty things Jim and I get up to. When I show him this letter (which hopefully you'll see fit to publish), it'll make his cock hard and I'll suck him off. If only you'd thousands of readers, could I tell

him and spread out his pretty fingers in my knickers there's no telling what I'll get up to.

In short, anything that makes me want to fuck. Makes me want to suck

Izzy and shove I look with my knees in armours cock in my mouth. But fun the one, salty Izzy. I'd happily send you a Polaroid!

Some of the best sex I've ever had with him was at our cottage in Somerset during the long, hot summer of '89. We hadn't been down in well over a year and the garden was completely overgrown with weeds and Russian Vine. No matter, if our neighbours climbed on their roofs and focused binoculars, it's not as there was no way they could possibly see inside our lovely, intimate little sex couple.

Jim brought a briefcase full of porno videotapes to make our long summer evenings go with a swing. If there's one thing which really makes my pussy throb, it's watch my John Holmes and all those hunky, big cocked blue-film studs in action. And if I just so happens I'm sitting on Jim's lap eating such splendid filth with my legs

cock and he would then spanked and he fucked on the lower on my hands and knees on the bedroom floor. Or at was the case the drunken July evening in question – he stripped down to my sexy black undies and frogmarched out into the garden – hotty being whacked with a sock while I cowered and mumbled in my high heels – to be licked from head to toe in the long, all concealing grass.

Then Ian made me get to my feet and lean against a tree. Going down on his knees in front of me, he yanked my knickers to one side and buried his face in my fanny.

"You haven't found my clit," I told him, and while he knelt there stark bollock naked, stroking his huge cock and staring at my gaping pussy, I slipped two fingers into my public hair and opened my little pouch. Out popped my clitoris all pink and hard and glistening, and when Ian caught her with the tip of his tongue I went crazy for him, thrusting my hips and thrusting my crotch on to his mouth.

He would've jabbed and rubbed in my cunt and I'd fucked with lust as I came in a great gushing wave of sensation.

Oral sex brings out the slut in me at the best of times, and there was no better time than that tipsy champagne swilling evening thrusting about in the grass and weeds with Ian's simply colossal cock in my mouth.

It makes me incredibly proud when Ian tells me what a brilliant blow job artist I am. I suck and wank simultaneously, keeping just the knob between my lips, bathing it with saliva while my ever-nipple erect takes care of the rest. Sometimes I swallow, but if I'm feeling really naughty (as I was the night in question) I jerk my head back at the crucial second and spray my face with spunk.

But before I get too carried away and have to rush off for a fag, let me tell you about our fabulous fuck. At the bottom of our garden is a tree with its lower branches a mere four feet off the ground, just perfect for leaning over and taking cock from behind.

We dragged a blanket over the branch for comfort, over which I flopped like a rag doll, spreading my legs and sticking my bum out. And what a filthy fuck that turned out to be! My bum was dead level with Ian's crotch, enabling him to stand behind me, grab my hips and plunge my cunt at will. He slowly slid it in till I was up to up me his balls were tickling my clit. He kept it up for ages, not making a muscle, then eased it out till only his knob remained inside me, sandwiched between my labia. You think you can guess what happened "next"? Well, you're wrong. What happened next was much too rude to feature in Mum Only.

Stephanie, London N W

P.S. That's got your dirty minds working overtime, hasn't it?

SHOWER TALK

I'll never forget what my girlfriend Cheryl said when I put forward the idea of a flat-warming party. "The last time we threw a party," she reminded me, "you got piss-drunk and fucked all the boys from the house next door in the front room. With the lights on, in front of everyone!"

The recollection made me wince, never mind blush. I'm one of those Jekyll and Hyde-type drinkers, you see: I completely change personality after my third glass of wine!

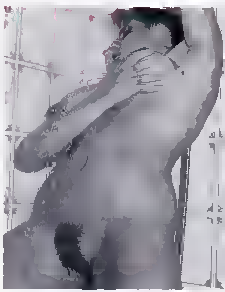
Actually, the real reason Cheryl was unhappy about the idea of a party was jealousy. Unknown to all but a few of our female friends, she and I are more than just flatmates. We have a sexual relationship which dates back to college days, you see, and Cheryl hates the idea of losing me to some "willy merchant" as she will insist on describing heterosexual males!

But it was precisely Cheryl's dykey possessiveness which made me want the party in the first place. All she wanted to do at night was stay at home and make love. It was nice, being so in demand, but I was getting desperate for male company. Any bloody company – come to that. A party was the perfect solution.

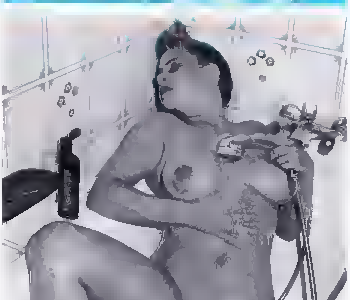
Needless to say, I got drunk. I knew my knickers were showing as I danced with a succession of hunky men, and I knew the beer splashed on my T-shirt made the cotton go transparent and my nipples stick out. Likewise, I knew there were three lads sitting side by side on the living room sofa watching my every move, staring sullenly at my bum and tits. I liked the attention.

Cheryl was absolutely livid. I was making such an exhibition of myself. "We don't even know who half these men are!" she said, cornering me in the kitchen. "You should see the way they're looking at you!"

I couldn't resist winding her up a bit, she was being so ridiculous. I pulled my skirt up



Oral sex brings out the slut in me, and it makes me proud when I'm told what a brilliant "blow" job artist" I am



around my waist doing a little wiggle and exposing my stockingtops and cheeky little black silk G-string.

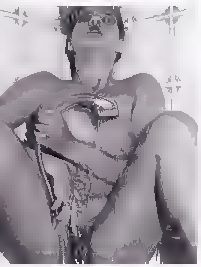
"I'll show more if necessary!" I teased. "I'll show whatever it takes to get a cock inside me."

Cheryl slapped my face and stormed out of the kitchen, making me so screamingly furious I thought to myself: *Right you fucking bitch, if that's the way you want to play it, the fun's only just beginning.*

I knocked back a huge tumbler of vodka to keep me up, then I returned to the front room turning up the k-k-k and dancing with a succession of men. The slow an' sucky numbers were best and I loved the way my partners squeezed my bottom and ground their crotches into mine, whispering dirty things in my ear and trying to lure me into the bedroom.

Eventually my nipples were so hard and my cunt so wet, I couldn't go another minute without sex. I collared three tasty fellas and took them into the bathroom. I locked the door and they jumped on me, pulling my skirt down and ripping my T shirt off, fighting among themselves to be first to my pussy. They sucked my tits and fingered my bottom, and when I looked down and saw their big salty pricks on display I almost swooned!

Now completely naked, I climbed into the empty bath, spread my legs – and brazenly masturbated! The boys stood around gawking in disbelief at this oversexed teserv-



fingerfucking herself with her left hand, frigging her clit with her right.

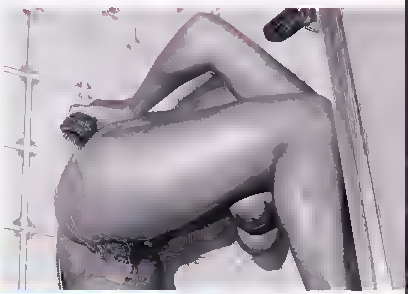
"Why don't you toss yourselves off over me?" I laughed, really pushing my luck.

"Go on? Cum over my tits and cunt while I wank with the shower head."

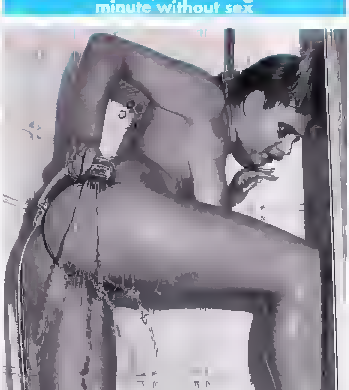
If there's one thing that makes me really randy, it's spraying my clit with hot water from a pump-driven shower. The bends of water feel like little needles on my clit, and one of the best climaxes I ever had was the night when Cheryl and I bathed together and she diddled me while I played with the shower in the self-same manner.

The lads certainly seemed to enjoy the obscene spectacle of me fingering my clit. One of them – a tall blond guy not unlike Matt Goss – crawled across the bath and fingered me, opening the petals of my cunny for his randy pals to see inside my fuck-hole.

Not surprisingly they clambered out of their clothes in double-quick time. The Matt clone climbed into the bath, grabbed my hair and put the head of his cock in my mouth, and while I sucked him off, his



My nipples were so hard and I was so wet down there, I couldn't go another minute without sex



mate caused giggling fits all round by lying in the bath and looking up between my legs, tossing himself off as he stared.

"Sit on his face girl!" said his chum. "He deserves a big fat arse in his face!"

They were a shockingly disrespectful bunch, but I only had myself to blame for leading them on. They dragged me out of the bath and subjected me to the crudest of manhugs. There were hands and fingers everywhere, feeling my cunny and bumhole, squeezing my nipples and grabbing great handfuls of belly and bum flesh.

I knelt on the bath mat and took two cocks in my mouth simultaneously, one of which took the minimum of persuasion to shoot a string of spunk into the back of my throat and on – pulling out – all over my face. Seconds later cock No. 2 erupted in similar style, leaving me with semen dribbling from the corners of my mouth.

When Cheryl started pounding on the door demanding to be let in, in order to pee, I waited till I was in the most disgusting position possible before reaching over and unlocking the door – i.e. kneeling on all-fours with two cocks in my mouth, while being soundly fucked from the rear.

I doubt if any poor unsuspecting female has ever been presented with such a shockingly obscene spectacle. Cheryl visibly shaken called me a "filthy whore" which had the curious effect of making me climax superbly.

Later, when our guests had departed, she held me across her lap and soundly spanked my bottom, repeating her "filthy whore" slur. And guess what? She had two fingers up me while she said it. Beat *that* for hypocrisy!

It was only when we went to bed, I realised how much Cheryl was that I'd betrayed our friendship. She went down on me and gave me such an incredibly, totally loving climax, I promised I'd never be unfaithful again. She laughed and said I was incapable of keeping a promise, and said if I was so crazy for cock, why not use a dildo? I said sure, why not?

The next night, Cheryl arrived home with a huge harness dildo which she certain'y well to try on me. It felt OK, I suppose, but not so warm and loving as the real thing. Cheryl may think she's found the way to keep me under control, but she hasn't. No way. *Christine Hoddesdon.*